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HONEYMOON COOKERY.

"AND SO MY LITTLE WIFE COOKED THIS ALL HERSELF? WHAT DOES SHE CALL IT?"

"WELL, I STARTED IT FOR BREAD, BUT AFTER IT CAME OUT OF THE OVEN I CONCLUDED I'D BETTER PUT SAUCE ON IT AND CALL IT PUDDING."

Solid Silver

Exclusively.



WHITING M'F'G Co.

Silversmiths,

UNION SQUARE & 16TH ST.,

NEW YORK.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
AND OF BUT
ONE GRADE—THAT OF STERLING $\frac{925}{1000}$ FINE;
THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE ENTIRE
FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS,
AND THE QUESTION
"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"
IS NEVER RAISED
CONCERNING A GIFT
BEARING OUR
TRADE-MARK.



Can't tear them

Every Pair
a perfect fit

Three pairs of gloves at 75 cents a pair—in one month, \$2.25. One pair of gloves at \$1.50—in six weeks, \$1.50. This is about the average proportion of time for wearing a dollar-and-a-half P. & P. glove. No glove is genuine that hasn't this brand inside the glove. To let all know that for a little more money on the start there is a glove made that will outwear three pairs of cheaper gloves—is why we advertise.

If your dealer does not keep these gloves, inform us of the fact, and we will send you the address of our nearest agent, and inclose you with same a card entitling you to a discount of 10 per cent. on the first pair which you purchase of our celebrated FONTAINE glove.



PINGS & PINNER, 384 and 386 Broadway, New York.

GRAND RAPIDS PORTABLE HOUSE COMPANY,

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Hunters' Cabins, Club Houses, Summer Cottages, Photograph Galleries, Lawn Houses, Play Houses, Etc., Etc. Absolutely portable. All sizes and designs. Especially designed for Camping, Hunting and Fishing. Are made of three-ply veneer, very light, strong and durable. All parts thoroughly seasoned and painted in attractive colors. The fastenings are iron pins. No nails or screws used. Easily erected or taken down without mutilation. Send stamp for Catalogue.

NORMAN BARBOUR, Eastern Agent, 77 Warren Street, New York.



SISTERLY ADVICE.

IF YOU'D DRINK THE MANITOU WATER YOU WOULD BE FREE OF THESE PAIN-ACHES IN THE MORNING.

39 Years in Fulton St.

**H. B. KIRK
& CO.**

Do not sell mixed or compounded goods. Price according to age. No other house can furnish "Old Crow" Rye Whisky. Sold by us as uncolored, unsweetened. Sole agents for The Pleasant Valley Wine Co. Send for Catalogue.

69 FULTON ST.

9 WARREN
Broadway and 27th St., New York.



NOT A TALE OF LOVE.

Poor Fred! He is having an awkward afternoon. Fred is rather handsome and confident. Bertha is plain and diffident, a year or two older than Fred, but very well off. Fred thought he had a sure thing, and so, altho' their acquaintance has been very short, he took Bertha in a boat and drifted down the stream. He lost one of the oars which was only a detail; but she has declined to marry him in a manner so decided that there remains no possibility of doubt, even in Fred's mind, as to the utter folly of ever alluding to the subject again.

Now, Fred is not an athlete; he hates work, is sensitive, and is easily bored. Also, the rapid current has carried them about three miles down the stream, and Fred is going to row back with one oar and Bertha to watch him.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

A POET loved a star, we read,
But the star could never know it;
And she wouldn't have cared much, anyhow,
For an impecunious poet.

NORTHERNER: I am told that the razor-back hogs you have down here are very fast runners.

SOUTHERNER: Fast! Say, I've known some of them hogs, sah, to outrun—to outrun other razor-back hogs.

"HERE! Don't touch those Cleveland cigars."

"No danger—their looks are enough. But why do you call them Cleveland?"

"Well, I keep them here to give to boys, and I love them for the enemies they have made."

SICK WIFE: I feel that I am dying, George. But there is only one regret on my mind.

BROKEN-HEARTED HUSBAND: What is it, darling.

SICK WIFE: That it isn't some other member of the family. Black is so becoming to me.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XX. SEPTEMBER 8, 1892. NO 506.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 25 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVI., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$10.00 per volume.

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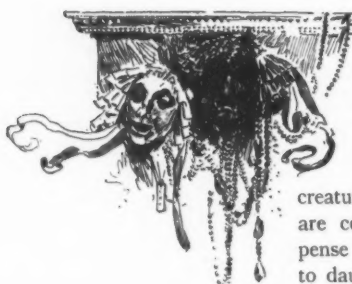
LIFE trusts that a large percentage of the young people of the State of New York stood in the window or out on the sidewalk at the proper time last week and saw—

The troops come marching home again

With gay and gallant tread.

Gentlemen of experience like the managers of this journal, all of whom are now gray, except those who are totally bald, recollect some such returns that happened before the majority of the rank and file of our present defenders were born. But for many a long year it has been a rare sight to see American soldiers return from real business engagements. Our young friends who saw it last week should remember what it is like, for LIFE hopes they may not have another such chance for some time to come.

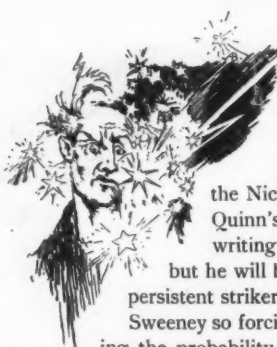
The troops fought nobly; and they were not well fed either. Considering the risks they ran of starving, getting malaria, being stoned by strikers, being run over by cars, and getting accidentally shot, their service was nearly as hazardous as it was useful. Bully for the N. G., S. N. Y.!



WHAT a grand illustration it is of the *vis medicatrix naturæ* that actresses persist so in getting married.

They are generous creatures where their hearts are concerned, and the expense of divorce never seems to daunt them. Neither do

they think the path through the court-room is too round-about a way of getting to church. Bless their dear hearts, what perseverance is theirs!



IT is a little late, but we hope not too late, to commend to the good offices of all the railroads and particularly those that touch Buffalo, a gentleman named Quinn, late a switchman of

the Nickel Plate railroad. What Mr. Quinn's first name is LIFE at this writing has been unable to ascertain,

but he will be sufficiently identified as the persistent striker who struck Master Workman Sweeney so forcibly upon the nose. Recognizing the probability that Mr. Quinn was quite a

mischievous while on strike as any of his fellows, LIFE is still persuaded that so far as in him lay he atoned for his fault. Having repented and brought forth sweet fruits, it seems appropriate that he should get his job back if he wants it, or if not that a new one should be given him elsewhere.

IT is from no unkind or malignant spirit toward Master Workman Sweeney that LIFE desires to have this particular striker looked after, but solely from the conviction that Quinn did a useful work in helping to bring home to Sweeney, and through him to all others of his sort, a lesson that they have the utmost occasion to learn. That Sweeney should have been laid out by the same lawless violence on which he relied to carry his point, was poetical justice. No doubt his power for mischief is pretty well over, but to have his exit opportunity punctuated by Quinn made it all the more exemplary and impressive. When the switchmen choose his successor, Heaven send them due discretion to select a wiser man and to limit his authority.



NO American city seems to be much disturbed yet by cholera prospects, except Chicago. With bad water, bad drainage, a most serious typhoid record, and all her spare money up on the Fair, Chicago is naturally a little restless. A little unseasonable cholera would undoubtedly play the mischief with the Fair, and Chicago

knows it. The result of it all will probably be a lot of extra hustling and cleaning and care that will make the place healthier next year than it could have been without a scare.



THE INNOCENT ABROAD.

Chappie: WOULD YOU CARE TO CHANGE YOUR NAME, MISS HIGGINS?

Miss Higgins (blushing): YE—ES.

Chappie (with a bright idea): WHY DON'T YOU MARRY?

A PASTORAL.

CHOLLY DE VOID, a society youth.

PHYLLIS, a nymph of Arcadie.

POLICEMAN, Deus ex machina.

A secluded path in Central Park.

PHYLLIS (suddenly appearing): Ho, Corydon, at last.

CHOLLY (amazed): What, me?

PHYLLIS (dancing): Come, we will go to Arcadie

And seek the sweet enchanted fields,

Where Youth a lasting sceptre yields,

Where Love and joy are never done.

(Takes his hand.)

CHOLLY (holding back):

Aw—weally—stop, please—I can't wun.

PHYLLIS (holding on to him): Come, we will wander

'neath the shades,

Where Love is King and Spring ne'er fades;

Where joys of living never cease.

CHOLLY (aside): (I wonder where are the police.

This is some lunatic just loosed.)

(aloud) I don't think we've been introduced.

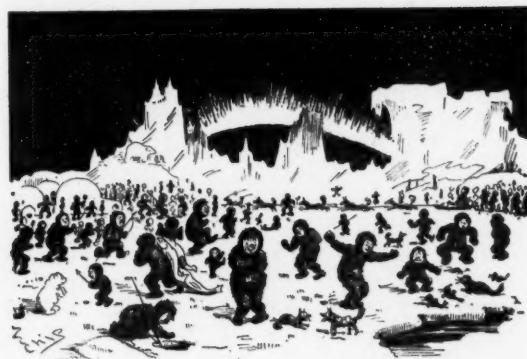
PHYLLIS (laughing): Ah, Corydon, I know thee well

In this fantastic dress.

CHOLLY:

Do tell.

PHYLLIS: I know thy walk—thy gentle tone—



"A COOL HUNDRED."

CHOLLY (aside): To think that I am all alone
With this barefooted, hatless thing.

PHYLLIS: Come where the birds in chorus sing,
Come, Corydon, to Arcadie.

CHOLLY: Aw—pawdon—but it's awfter three,
And I'm engaged at four o'clock.

PHYLLIS: Ah, Corydon, would you thus mock
Your Phyllis—think you I don't know?

CHOLLY: Aw—weally—I can't say.

PHYLLIS:

Why so?

(Policeman seen in distance.)

Here comes a mortal, tell me quick.

CHOLLY: Aw—

Policeman approaches. Nymph flees.

POLICEMAN: What's the matter, sonny, sick?

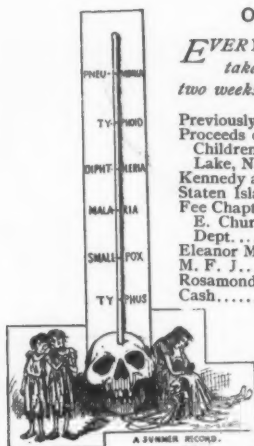


"SAY, JIMMY, HOW DOES YERS KEEP COOL DIS HOT WEDDER?"

"WELL, YERS SEE, ME MUDDER BATHES ME WID VANILLA ICE
CREAM EVERY MORNING."

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

EVERY three dollars received for this fund takes another child to the country for two weeks of fresh air.



Through Doris, from the C.

A. U. C.	3.00
E. P. M.	10.00
G. B. Boston.	25.00
Newhaven.	10.00
A Summer Girl.	50.00
Af. Mills	10.00
A. F. L. D.	5.00
Post & McCord.	25.00
Punkie Boy.	5.00
Cash.	3.00
Eleanor Le Roy.	100.00
R. C. T.	3.00
C. R. P.	6.00
Kennebunkport, Me.	2.00
R. H., for Fresh Air Fund.	5.00
Benson B. Sloan.	10.00
Little Clare.	9.00
M. F. H.	6.00

Previously acknowledged.....	\$10,100.93
Proceeds of Fair held by the Ladies and Children at Martin's Farm Cottage, White Lake, N. Y.	175.00
Kennedy and Ruth Conklin.....	3.00
Staten Island.....	5.00
Fee Chapter Epworth League of Grace M. E. Church, Piqua, O., Mercy and Help Dept.	3.00
Eleanor M. Oakley.....	5.00
M. F. J.....	7.00
Rosamond.....	10.00
Cash.....	200.00

Through Larchmont Circulating Library:	
Books, etc.....	6.40
Afternoon Tea and Orange Tree Sale, Aug. 20.....	181.83
Fancy Table at Tea, Roger and Irving Lawson and Lulu Maltby.....	25.61
E. T. P. and C. R. P.....	3.00
LIFE's Fresh Air Fund.....	10.00
M. and W.....	25.00
H. N. Potter.....	10.00
"Beachend" Swampscott.....	21.00
S. Warehouse Point, Ct.....	3.00
I. J. S. Seattle, Wash.....	3.00
Alida Chanler.....	15.00
Cora M. O. and her Sister.....	3.00
Proceeds of Fair held by Miss Saidee Call, Miss Alice Reynolds, Master Henry Reynolds, and Master Charlie Call....	6.00
A Spokane, Washington, Family.....	10.00
Albert Crane.....	15.00
Proceeds of Tableaux (an evening from life) at the Forest Hills Hotel.....	25.00
C. O. L.....	10.00

Total.....\$11,168.77



TO A QUARTER DATED 1892.

HOW bright
And beautiful you are.
How you remind me of my long lost youth !
What an awfully swell girl
You carry on your back :
Like a Swiss guide
Or an Andean one,
I am not certain,
For I have lost the picture
Out of my geography.
I would like to keep you
And add you to my famous collection
Of coins.
I have a thirst in that direction.
It is my hobby.
But, alas !
I have a far greater thirst.
Good-bye.

Tom Hall.



"I WISH I WERE DEAD."

"OH, JIM, DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS !"

"BUT I AM DESPERATE."

"WELL, SAY YOU WISH YOU WERE IN PHILADELPHIA."

"BUT I AM NOT THAT DESPERATE."

HE KNEW WHEN HE WAS THROUGH.

A FARMER in Greene County, Pennsylvania, hired as his assistant during a busy season a recent importation from the Emerald Isle.

The young man was engaged one evening and at the breakfast table next morning his employer said :

"Well, Pat, have you had enough breakfast ?"

"Oi have, sorr," replied Pat.

"Then now pitch in and eat your dinner," said the farmer, "for we are going to work to-day at the far end of the farm, and we won't have time to come to the house to eat dinner."

Pat resumed his eating, and when he stopped his employer asked :

"Have you had enough dinner ?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Well, we must put in a good long day to-day. So you had better eat your supper, too, before we start."

Pat went to work again at the eatables, and finally laid down his knife and fork.

"Had enough supper ?" asked the farmer.

"Yis."

"Then now we will go to work."

"Worruck, is it ?" asked Pat, with a well feigned surprise.

"Of course," replied his employer.

"O, no," replied Pat, with a shake of his head. "Where I kim from we never worruck after supper, sorr."

William Henry Siviter.



She: ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T LOSE THAT LETTER I GAVE YOU TO MAIL LAST WEEK?

He: YES. I KNEW YOU'D THINK SO, AND I'VE KEPT IT IN MY POCKET TO PROTECT MYSELF.

THE TALKATIVE GIRL.



SHE talks about the weather and she archly wonders whether it will rain when to the theatre she will go next week with me.

She says that she's been painting—feels quite weak, almost to fainting, but her tongue keeps right on moving just as lively as can be.

She asks if I'm a dancer—never stops to get an answer, but she tells me all excitement what exquisite times she had.

Asks me what I know of dresses, and in confidence confesses that the one she wore last evening was a fright and made her sad.

With nods she fairly bubbles, tells me all her girlish troubles and her tongue keeps on a wagging with a never ceasing flow.

And thus for hours I'm sitting with the golden minutes flitting, for she will not let me tell her that I think I'd better go.



THE ENGAGED ONES.

She: NO! BIRDY, NO! DO NOT ASK YOUR OWN PETSY WETSY TO CLIMB OVER THIS STONE FENCE. LET US GO HOME BY THE MILL. I HAVE MY REASONS, BIRDY!



IN LEAP YEAR.

AFTER THE WEDDING COMES THE PARTING OF THE WEEPING MOON FROM



EAP YAR.

HE WEEPED FROM HIS BROKEN HEARTED PARENTS.



PROFESSOR PODSNUFF IS CONVINCED THAT THE MONKEY HAS A LANGUAGE.

THE MISCONCEPTIONS OF NEPTOLEMUS McFLATH.

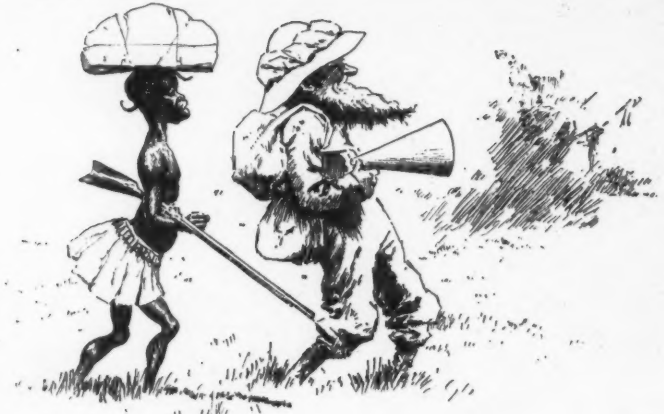
NEPTOLEMUS McFLATH left Chicago journalism when he could no longer secure an engagement on any of the dailies, and pawning his ulster and securing a pass, he went out to Cross Bone Gulch, the booming capital of Coyote county, Montana, for he had heard of enlarged opportunities there. He got them, too. One was an opportunity to edit the *Cross Bone Weekly Revolver* for \$20 a week, and the other was an opportunity to get board at half rates, in return for advertising the attractions of Sage Brush Villa, a place that was a boarding house at present, but was to be a hotel as soon as its new wing was built. He was happy, now. He was convinced that the peculiar kind of journalism in which he was best schooled had here its proper field, and as soon as he learned the names and occupations of the principal citizens of Coyote county, he girded his loins and resolved to make his paper noticed. One day the following item appeared, bashfully sandwiched among some more sensational features on the first page:

A DISGRACE!

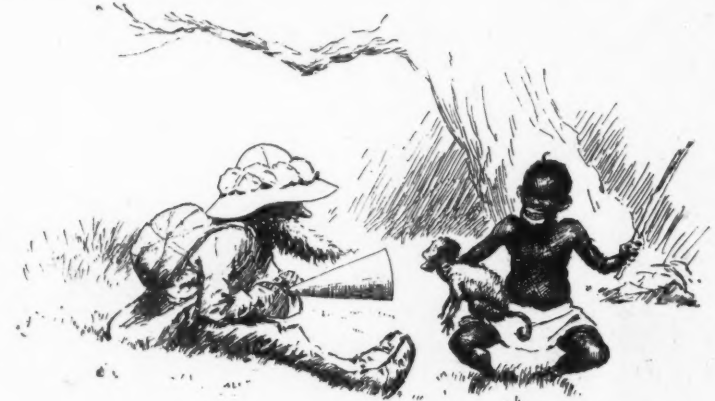
THAT'S WHAT CROSS BONE GULCHERS THINK!
THEY THINK IT OF A BAD MAN!

He is a Coward, An Oppressor and a Sneak!
He Would Steal Horses if He
Dared.

"There is a man who lives in Cross Bone Gulch who has excited the suspicion and contempt of every man, woman and child in the place. He had the unutterable gall to foreclose the mortgage on Red Mike's saloon yesterday, just after Red Mike had spent about \$25 getting a new bar put in and stimulating local industries. He also annoyed a citizen on Saturday about a matter of \$18, that has been owing only since August, yet, on



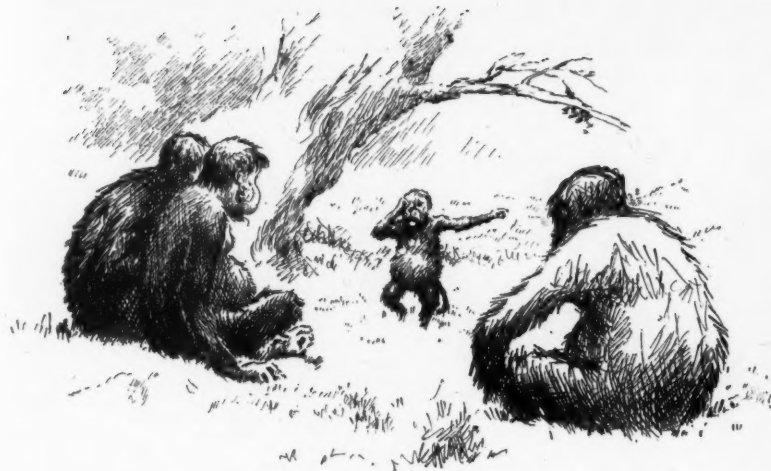
AND ACCORDINGLY SETS OUT FOR THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, ARMED WITH A PHONOGRAPH.



HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER TAKES PLACE WITH RATHER A SMALL MEMBER OF THE MONKEY FAMILY.



FULLY SATISFIED WITH THE INTERVIEW, THE PROFESSOR AND HIS FAITHFUL BODY SERVANT CELEBRATE.



THE MONKEY IN THE MEANTIME REPORTS THE INTERVIEW TO THE LARGER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY,



WITH THIS RESULT.

the following day he was passing the plate in the Baptist church. Where is the plate? Where is what was in it? It is talked around that this loathsome person expects to get a hoist into the legislature this fall. He is more likely to get a hoist over the range. The clams that live in Liverpill Hollow may accept this man as a citizen. We have no further use for him. A man who will harass his fellow men as he is doing will steal. Of course he will lie. There is no need to name him, but we shall mark this article and send it to Hiram A. Hodgkins, because it will interest him, and we don't expect him to order any extra copies, either."

Editor McFlath saw that both his revolvers were loaded, and that both the printers were also—no, I mean that both the printers' pistols were. Then he arranged his desk so as to command the door, and waited. Nothing happened that night, and on the next morning he came to work in a circuitous way, avoiding a patch of sage near his boarding place, which was high enough to conceal a man. He went about his business for the day with the same armament. About noon a tap came at the door, and cocking one pistol and putting the other on the desk, he cried, "Come in." The door opened quietly and a rather seedy man in a closely buttoned coat and plug hat entered.

"Well, sir?" demanded the editor.

The seedy man gave an apologetic cough. "I suppose you don't remember me, although I have seen you on the street."

"No."

"Yes—I mean, well. Blackstone Mapes is my name, attorney-at-law. I represent Mr. Hiram H. Hodgkins in a suit of \$25,000 damages that he has instituted against you, in consequence of an article that appeared—"

"Why didn't he come himself?"

"There was no need. He empowered me to say, in spite of my urging to the contrary, that if a sufficiently ample apology for the offensive terms—"

"No, sir; there will be no apology."

"Oh, very well, then—"

"Hasn't he sand enough to fight?"

"Bless my soul! Young man, you are twenty years behind the times. They don't fight in Montana any more. You're a kind of tender foot, ain't you? Come here with some of those queer dime novel ideas from the East. Better think of Mr. Hodgkins' offer and apologize."

"Like a sneak."

"Like a man. Good day."

The pistols lay on the editor's desk and he was bunched in his chair, thinking hard. Had he left the effete East for this? Had freedom of the press become a mere tradition? Had things in this mountain town to be done by rule and square? Was there no understanding of and no support for journalistic enterprise? "It makes me tired!" he exclaimed, as he sprang to his feet and walked around as if he were not tired at all. "Well, I'll give those fellows across the range rats, anyhow, and the first time there's a vacancy on their paper I'll go over there." And resuming his chair, he launched into an article on the *Liverpill Hollow Flume*.

Presently there came another knock at the door, and at his summons to enter there filed in a deputation of citizens. They were not all conspicuously well dressed, but most of them wore collars and all were sober. Ah, he was not to be neglected, after all. The spokesman advanced and said: "We've just been considering the last issue of the *Revolver*, Mr. McFlath, and we thought it would only be right to come up and tell you that we don't like it. Mr. Hodgkins is one of the squarest men in this town, and Red Mike, that you take such stock in, is one of the worst. We haven't got any call for that kind of writing out here, and just out of respect for the man that put his money into the paper, we thought we'd induce you to quit. We've clubbed together and bought you a ticket to a town where you'll likely get a job, because they're used to that kind of work there."

Neptolemus McFlath accepted the ticket without a speech. He considered that he ought to. It was issued to New York.

C. S. Montgomery.

A POSSIBILITY.

MRS. PLANKINGTON (*sorrowfully*): If my husband would only stop playing poker I could have a new bonnet like yours.

MRS. WITHERBY: If he had stopped playing with my husband before they began the last time, you might have had this.



He: DO YOU DAWNCE?
She (who has been informed that he is a bore): NO.
He: NEITHER DO I. LET'S SPEND THE EVENING JUST TALKING TO EACH OTHER.

THE POWER OF INK.

BYRON.

"A drop of ink
 May make a million think!"

CYNICUS.

"And put by Scribblers into verse,
 Would surely make two million curse."

OF course no one who reads *LIFE* regularly and thereby keeps himself in a cheerful frame of mind, need fear the cholera. But there are a few people who are not wise enough to do this, and for their sakes we should like to see the ports of the United States closed to immigration. The puny efforts made by Congress to limit the pouring into this country of undesirable foreigners have been practically without result. If the President has not the power to stop immigration, no one would blame him if he called a special session of Congress for the purpose. The miserable riff-raff that is dumped on our shores has brought evils enough in its train, and just before cholera is added to our list of imported blessings, is a good time to stop the whole wretched process.

DAY: Do you suppose the little children will have golden harps to play on, too?

WEEKS: Not if Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry's faith is well founded.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1872.
 FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA OF AN ENGLISH THEATRICAL COMPANY.



SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1586.
 TOBACCO FIRST INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

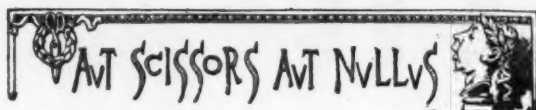


SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1813.
 PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

"ARE you married or single?" asked the census-taker of the lady of the house.

"Well, I hardly know," she replied, "you see the jury disagreed."

· LIFE ·



"THAT was a pretty hard doctor's bill I had to pay."
"How was that?"
"You see it was for injuries received by being thrown from a horse I was riding by the doctor's advice."—*New York Sun*.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR: Johnny, you tell me you have been to Sunday School.

THE BAD BOY: Yes, sir.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR: But, Johnny, your hair is wet.

THE BAD BOY: Yes, sir; it's a Baptist Sunday School.—*Jester*.

WOMEN sometimes say curious things; so do men, of course, but women especially. Here's a conversation recently overheard in this town:

WOMAN IN BLACK: Do you remember Mary Green? She was an orphan, you know.

WOMAN IN BLUE: Yes, I remember her. But she wasn't an orphan.

"Yes, she was. What makes you think she wasn't?"

"Why, she had a sister I used to know."

"Did she? Well, maybe she wasn't then."—*Rochester Herald*.

DRUGGIST (to applicant): Yes, I need a man for the soda fountain. But I see you wear eye-glasses. Is your sight defective?

APPLICANT: A little, sir, but my hearing is superb. I can hear a man wink.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"That excellent antiseptic. . . ."—*Medical Chronicle*, Baltimore.

Packer's Tar Soap,

"In which the well-known soothing and healing properties of Pine-tar are skillfully combined with Vegetable Oils and Glycerine."—*Medical Times*, New York.

A luxury for Bath and Shampoo. Soothing and Refreshing. Destroys odors. Wards off Contagion.

Lundborg's

Violet

AND

Lilac

TOILET WATERS

AND

OPAL

SMELLING SALTS.



—AND—
**Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets
And The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.**
178 & 180 Fifth Avenue, bet. 22d & 23d Sts.
and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.
NEW YORK.

Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.
Agencies in all Principal Cities.
Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

No. 5 (September).

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS JUST OUT.

More than 3000 leading newspapers have complimented this new Quarterly and pronounce it the spiciest, cleverest, most entertaining publication of the year. Short, amusing, racy stories, sketches, poems, jokes, etc. A compendium of wit and fun. Ask newsdealer for it. He can procure it direct from us, News Companies do not supply it; or send 50 cents, stamps or postal note, to

TOWN TOPICS,
21 West 23d St., New York.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD, NEW YORK,



MAKE THE MOST RELIABLE
**Trunks, Bags,
Dress Suit Cases,
Hat Cases,
For American and
European Travel.**

161 Broadway, below Cortlandt St.
688 Broadway, below 4th St.
701 Sixth Avenue, below 41st St.

HOUSEKEEPER: How's this? You promised to saw some wood if I gave you a lunch.
TRAMP: I recall no such promise, madame.
"The idea! I told you I'd give you a lunch if you'd saw some wood, and you agreed."
"Pardon me, madame. Your exact words were: 'I'll give you a lunch if you saw that wood over there by the gate.'"
"Exactly. That's just what I said."
"Well, madame, I saw that wood by the gate as I came in."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

CLARA: Did you accept Mr. Pelter last night?

MAUDE: Why, how did you know that he proposed?

CLARA: I noticed when he came out of the conservatory with you that the creases in his trousers had disappeared.—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

ST. PETER: Well, what can I do for you?

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It is a great shock to a young married woman to realize that, when her husband comes home, it is not to tell her how much he thinks of her, but to get something to eat.—*Chicago Times*.



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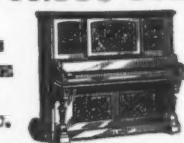
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